The Weekly Expositor.

J. A. MENZIER, Editor and Proprietor.

YALE, : : MICH

Rev. W. H. Milburn,

The blind preacher, who has served for the past four years as chaplain of the house of representatives, has been re-elected. Mr. Milburn is best known to the general public through the controversy that arose a few years ago on account of his sensational prayers, which brought forth remonstrances from members of congress.

An educational scene occurred at the Michigan Central depot in Detroit a few days since, between a father and his young son, but it was the father who needed the lesson, and not the son. The little fellow had come there to meet his father, but had failed to bring some piece of baggage which he had been charged to bring. The father was exceedingly angry, and when the little fellow expostulated, and said that he had given the order to the servant, as requested, the father in a loud, bullying tone, contradicted him flatly and threatened him with punishment when he should return home. The little fellow in tremulous tones, protested that he had obeyed his father, and the latter again sternly contradicted him, and bade him be silent. At this juncture the servant entered the waiting room, and approaching the father, said that the boy had faithfully delivered the order, and that he (the servant) alone was to blame for the delay. Did the father then turn to his son and ask to to be excused for doubting his word and speaking so harshly? Not a bit of it. He looked angry, and as if he wished that the boy had been in the wrong, and those who witnessed the scene were sorry for the future of that boy. To the command "Honor thy father and thy mother," should be added, "Parents, respect the rights of thy children," and tender them the same consideration and show them the same courtesy you expect from them in their relations to you.

Great changes have been brought about in the science of philology by modern thought and influence. The harsh and rugged words and phrases which, in not very remote generations, were employed by all classes, have been toned down, the sharp edges rounded and the picturesque and high-sounding substituted. Not many years ago people incautiously dubbed the man who betrayed confidence and squandered funds entrusted to him as a "thief." The term jarred upon the tympanum of the modern philologist and was soon changed to a "deficiency in accounts," or a "defalcation." Silcott's raid on the congressional treasury for over seventy thousand dollars goes echoing down the corridor of history as a "shortage." Our grandfathers would have called him a "thief," but in the lexicon of our day there is no such word.

The Economite Society, near Beaver Falls, Pa., is considering a proposition to raise the ban against marriage, and allow its members to return to the matrimonial state. There are but thirty members of the organization, and these are well along in years. For many years the rule forbidding the marriage to members has been strictly enforced, and time has so reduced the membership that the question of disposing of their property has become a most serious one. They have found that there is only one sure way to run this world, and that is the old way.

President Harrison has appointed "Doilie" Johnson of Lexington, Ky., colored, as cook for the White house The appointment was made upon recommendation of Theodore Rosevelt, who no doubt subjected her to a rigid civil service examination. The exact figure of her standing in "pies and things" is not given.

A proclamation has been issued in Brazil declaring all foreigners residing there citizens of the republic from the date of its formation.

A UNION SCOUT.

He Served in the Ranks of the Enemy and Had Many Narrow Escapes.

"Milton, the Scout," Decorated with a Beautiful Medal by General Hancock—His Daring Exploits, Imprisonments and Escapes—A Model Old Man.

Possibly the most unobtrusive man in Kansas City, says the Times of that city, is the one who has had the most adventurous career. His name is Dewitt C. Taylor, and three years ago he passed the allotted three score years and ten. For four years during the civil war he was known as "Milton, the Scout," and on May 23, 1864, the day before the grand review of the federal troops at Washington, General Hancock called him to a platform and before a vast army presented him with an enameled silver medal for his gallant services as scout. This medal he now wears beneath his military coat. It contains four links of solid silver, each two and a half inches square, and engraved thereon the name of his army corps and the battles in which he participated.

Mr. Taylor rarely speaks of his adventures and it is with extreme difficulty that even his old army friends can prevail on him to relate any one of his many thrilling experiences. He is modest and retiring and neither his bearing nor his facial expression give any evidence of the sufferings and perils he experienced during his life as a scout. He was captured four times during the war and twice he was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. The narrowest escape with his life occured soon after the battle of Cold Harbor. Taylor had entered Lee's army soon after the battle as a deserter from the federal forces. He was suspected, watched and finally court martialed and sentenced to be hanged. Eight soldiers were commanded to guard him and he was sent across the country to General Lee's headquarters, where he was to be hanged. Taylor determined to either gain his freedom en route or lose his life. It happened that in traveling across the country a blackberry patch was encountered. The soldiers were tired and hungry and left one of their number to guard the prisoner while they strolled in quest of berries. Taylor's time had come. He had no weapon except a sheath knife with a blade about four inches long, which was concealed under his shirt. He watched his opportunity and while the soldier was off guard threw one arm around his head, placing it over his mouth to stifle the cries. His knife then did its work. Arming himself with the revolvers of the dead soldier, the scout secreted himself in a ravine and waited until the soldiers had passed him in their search.

This was only one of a hundred thrilling incidents in his career. At one time he was being pursued by five confederate soldiers on horseback and emptied four saddles before he could make his escape. Taylor enlisted in the Second Michigan regiment in April, 1861, and the following year was transferred to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, where he served until mustered out in 1865. He is now lieutenant colonel of company A, Kansas City veterans. He was detained as a scout in 1862, shortly after being transferred to the Twenty-fourth Michigan, and reported direct to Generals Meade or Hancock. His duty was to keep posted on Lee's movements and stay at headquarters. For six weeks at a time he was often compelled to remain in the confederate ranks doing duty as a soldier.

"I believe the confederates kept a much closer guard on suspects than the federals," said Mr. Taylor, and it was much more difficult to operate among them. The confederate officers and troops seemed to have a keener discernment of approaching danger and were able to locate a scout quicker. It is a very easy matter to gain admittance to the ranks of a foe, but the difficulty comes in getting away. I usually pretended to be either a deserter who wanted to join the ranks or a soldier of some other division of the army who had been taken prisoner. Before leaving headquarters I always arranged for a postoffice under some rock or crevice and never knew who came after the letters. The greatest danger lay in falling into the hands of some officer who knew me or in meeting a confederate scout who had been among our forces. There is now in Kansas City a man who was a confederate scout and who frequently saw me during the war. Neither he nor I knew the business of the other, but since the war we have become acquainted with each other's former duties. His name is Craddock and he is also a carpenter belonging to the carpenters' and joiners' union."

Out of the Reach of the Camera.

There is no apparent limit to the feats of instantaneous photography. It has caught ball players in the act of pitching, running bases, striking a ball and catching a fly. It has photographed running and trotting horses, and it has taken a successful picture of a flash of lightning. Until lately it has stopped at a bullet shot from a rifle, but by tan ingenious use of electricity even hat swift and diminutive object has been photographed. The camera is provided with an extremely sensitive plate, and the bullet is fired in a dark room. As it passes the camera it breaks an electric current by which it is illuminated for an instant, when its image is transfixed on the sensitive plate. Nothing, apparently, is out of reach of instantaneous photography, unless, perhaps, it is the swift clasp knife of a "Kentucky gentleman."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

A Wife's Tender Sympathy in Hours of Pain and Trouble.

The other night I was taken with a sort of pleurisy pain, and I nudged Mr. Bowser and asked him to to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on the broad of his back, hands locked under his neck, and snoring as if hired to give a midnight performance on a fog-horn.

"Eh! Yes," he growled as I nudged him.

"Mr. Bowser, get up!"

"Yum! Lemme 'lone!"

"Mr. Bowser, I am in great pain!"

"Yes, I know."

"Will you get up?"

"Whaz mazzer now?" he demanded as he tried to sit up in bed.

"I am threatened with pleurisy."

"Hey! Who is it?"

"I am threatened with pleurisy and I do wish you would get up and mix a mustard plaster for me."

"Bosh!" he growled, now fully awake. "You just lie quiet and the pain will go away."

He dropped back and began to snore again, but after ten minutes' hard work I got him out of bed. He sat on the edge, staring blankly into vacancy, and ready to fall back any moment, and even while I was telling him that I might not live till morning he fell over, kicked himself under the clothes, and went to sleep while I was pulling his hair.

A night or two later, just after the bells had struck 12, I dreamed that I was being chased by a locomotive. It gave an extra toot and awoke me, and I discovered that toot to be Mr. Bowser's voice groaning:

"For the land's sake get up or I shall be a dead man."

"What is it?"

"Terrible cramps in my stomach. I'm just tied in a knot!"

"Oh, it's only a passing pain," I replied as I sought the pillow again. "Lie still and it will soon go off."

"Lie still thunder!" he yelled as he got one leg out of bed. "I tell you I shall be a corpse within an hour if I don't get relief!"

"Well, you'll find the Jamaica ginger on the side-board. Take a big dose of it in wine."

"I'll never find it! Oh! Heavens, what a pain!"

I wanted to get up, of course, but I was determined to pay him back in his own coin, I therefore apparently fell asleep, and after banging around the room for a few minutes he went out. He was back again in three minutes, however, to exclaim:

"Are you going to lay there and let me die like a sick horse?"

"But you didn't get up for me."

"I know it, but that was because I—I—whoop! Blue blazes, but I know I'm dying!"

I had to get up, of course, and, of course, I had him relieved in a quarter of an hour. Man-like, he was frightened to death at a pain which he would have expected me to keep perfectly still about.

HISTORICAL.

Among the rights asserted by the Protestant clergy in the Middle Ages, and which caused much dispute, was exemption from lay jurisdiction even in cases of felony.

During the French and Indian war the American colonists spent $16,000,000, of which England repaid only $5,000,000. It is estimated that the Americans lost 35,000 men.

Cock fighting is said to have originated with the Athenians. It existed in the days of Thomas a Becket, and until the time of the Commonwealth it flourished, a pit at Whitehall having been erected and patronized by royalty. It was prohibited in 1654.

In ancient history, a "client" was a Roman citizen whose relation to his patron was in many respects similar to that of a serf to his feudal lord. It was the duty of the patron to watch over the interests of his clients and protect them, and to defend them in lawsuits.

Clisthenes, an Athenian stateman, the grand-uncle of Pericles, lived about 500 B. C. He increased the number of the tribes of Attica from four to ten, and made important changes in the constitution, which he rendered more democratic. He became very popular, and was the foremost Athenian statesman of his time.

Club life in London had its origin in the day of Elizabeth, when the Mermaid Tavern in Fleet street, enlivened by Shakespeare, Raleigh Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, became the name of a sort of club. Jonson afterwards founded a club at the Devil Tavern, Fleet street.

Coffee was not known to the Greeks or Romans, but in Abyssinia and Ethiopia it has been used from time immemorial. In 1690 it was carried by the Dutch from Mocha to Java, where it was soon extensively raised, and young plants were afterwards sent to the botanical garden at Amsterdam.

The Young Spanish Queen.

All the world knows how successfully and heroically the young Spanish queen has mantained her most trying position. This young girl came unexpectedly to the throne of a country torn with civil wars, a country where she was looked rpon with hatred, and she has made her position strong, not only with power, but with love. She understands the power of personality, and is always herself on the spot reviewing the army in person, opening the cortes, attending all national exhibitions, going to the farthest part of her kingdom in case of calamity, taking active part in all government reforms, in fact, proving herself one of the most active and able of existing sovereigns.

What the Editor Said.

He was tall, thin and hungry looking, and when he told the editor he was a poet, the editor didn't say a disputatory word. But he didn't get his poetry in the paper, just the same, and the man with the blue pencil and the preoccupied air made several remarks.

"Poets are born, sir!" he said haughtily, as he rolled up his manuscript.

"And I'm dorgoned sorry for it," said the editor.—Merchant Traveler.

Your Wife.

Your wife works quite as hard as you, her holidays are few, the breaks in the routine of her labor are very rare and the strain upon her mind and tug upon her heart are not lightened or loosened, as yours are, by brisk contact with the world and frequent glimpses at the kaleidoscope of affairs. You go out, she sits in; you spend, she saves.—N. Y. Press.

A PERSIAN GIRL.

In Babyhood Her Hair, Hands and Feet Are Dyed With Henna.

When She Is Twelve Years Old She Dons a Mantle and Thereafter None but Members of Her Family Are Allowed to See Her Face.

Her eyes are black as sloes. Of course they are black, for blue eyes are considered unlucky in Persia. Her skin is a rich, warm, delicate brown that overlays the round, plump features, tinged with a tint of rose where the dimples are or should be, the silky hair is as dark as the plume of the raven that crowns the head of the little girl baby, who was born but yesterday in that quaint dwelling at the foot of Mount Elborz.

She is a Persian and in Persia will she live, for it is only with the special permission of the Shah that a Persian woman can live out of her native land.

She is but a day old, but an amulet has been already hung on her neck containing a tiny scrap of paper on which is inscribed a passage from the Koran, intended to ward off mischief from djinns or evil spirits. For the same reason if any of the neighbors look in to see the little stranger and express admiration of her beauty the nurse requests them to spit in the baby's face lest the influence of the evil eye should lurk in what might be the praise of envy or jealousy. A tiny white cap of open embroidery also covers the infant's hair and her limbs are swathed tightly in wadding bands.

When Fathimeh is five or six months old her hair is dyed with henna. The first application turns it to a bright orange red, the second wash turns the hair to a rich blue-black. The finger and toe nails, the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands are also dyed yellow with henna. This is not done entirely for beauty, as Europeans often imagine, but rather to toughen the skin. This is especially necessary with the soles, as most women in Persia go barefooted in the house.

When little Fathimeh is old enough to toddle about she has a present of red slippers, embroidered with tinsel, but rarely wears them at play, for they are an encumbrance. When she is two or three years old, however, she begins to wear a mantel—an article of dress that she will wear until her death, whenever she steps out of the house, whether to sport in the garden or play or walk in the street. This awkward dress she wears attached to her head and it reaches to her feet. While she is a child it is worn loose and flies behind when she runs; but when she reaches the age of eleven or twelve the mantel is drawn over her face, excepting the eyes, which are protected from the gaze of any but her own family by a tiny lattice work exquisitely embroidered of white silk.

While still a child little Fathimeh sits in the gate and sometimes plays with the boys of the neighborhood, and thus, perhaps, forms a passing acquaintance with her future husband. If her parents were peasants she would accompany them to the fields and aid in picking the fruit and gleaning the harvest. But as her parents are well-to-do city folk of some means, she is soon taught that her destiny is to be a life almost as secluded as that of a nunnery.

If Fathimeh's father has several wives, which it is greatly to be feared is the case, then she also has her half brothers and sisters as playmates, and a merry time they have of it.

Going to the public bath is one of Fathimeh's greatest diversions from the earliest childhood. At least once a week her mother takes her there, they make an afternoon of it. Fathimeh has her fingers freshly dyed with henna, and her hair, which has grown very long, is plaited into innumerable small braids, which are expected to last without recombing until her next visit to the bath. These days at the bath are an education to the little girl now rapidly approaching womanhood. With the exception of a few lessons with the needle or on the guitar or in the making of preserves, the little maiden has had no other education except what she gains from hearing older people of her own sex converse. And thus, when she is at the bath and hears the women talking while embroidering or smoking after the ablutions are over, she learns much from their conversation of life in the outside world of Persia, and she will need all the information she can acquire; for if she ever learns to read or write, which is not likely, it must be after she is married. That marriage is her inevitable destiny she learns as soon as she can talk. There are no old maids in that country. When she is eleven or twelve years old the question of finding her a husband is earnestly discussed. The matter is settled between the parents of the bride and the groom, the most difficult point to arrange being the amount of the dowry to be paid with the bride. If this is the first marriage of the prospective husband then he also is young, not over sixteen or seventeen. The marriage is accompanied with great pomp and the festivities last several days, after which the bride is taken to her new home at the head of a long procession, crowding the narrow streets, marching to the sound of horns, pipes and kettledrums. And there we leave the little bride, hoping she will have at least her share of wedded bliss.

S. G. BENJAMIN.

THE INQUISITION.

Handy Implement For Dealing With Spanish Heretics.

Spain had a handy implement, planned and perfected on her soil, which enabled her to deal in a way of her own with learned, noble, but pernicious heretics. It was for the benefit of Jews and Mahometans that the inquisition had been set up. In its earlier days it had done a large and successful business in them. Torquemada, the first Inquisitor General, is said in sixteen years to have burned nine thousand. His successor, Diego Deza, was a less active man of business, for in eight years his murders were only sixteen hundred. But he induced Ferdinand and Isabella to expel the Moors as Torquemada had caused them to expel the Jews. Nearly two millions of their most industrious and able subjects were thus driven by these sovereigns from their country; a blow was self inflicted on Spain from which she has never recovered; indeed, the whole policy of the Inquisition was the means of dragging down Spain from the highest to the lowest place among the kingdoms of Europe.

Their highnesses of the Inquisition saw that to put down the rising spirit of Protestantism they must bend the whole resources of their institution, in the most merciless and relentless fashion, to stamp out, at once and forever, every spark and vestage of heresy. And their resources were simply appalling. They had lately received a great extension of powers, and were practically able to arrest, confine, torture, convict, and burn whomsoever they pleased, and perpetuate upon them the most inhuman cruelties. Once within their clutches, their victims were practically helpless. Attempts have been made to show that it was otherwise, but historians of their own confirm what we have said. No doubt in their prisons there were cells that were fairly comfortable, but these were reserved for adulterers, pirates, smugglers or political offenders who were not very dangerous to the church. But for heretics the places of confinement were usually underground dungeons, dark damp, and dreary, never warmed by the comfortable glow of fire, hardly reached by a straggling sunbeam, uncleansed and putrid, breeding diseases that, perhaps in mercy, ended the life of many a prisoner before he was condemned to the fire. At the dead of night the victim would be summoned to stand his trial in a dismal chamber, where his merciless judges would be found, while the "familiars of the Inquisition" moved about, executing their orders, their faces covered by garments with two holes opposite their eyes, as if to disguise their very humanity. If the accused person would not confess his guilt, or would not disclose the name of others whom he knew to be heretics, he was ordered the torture. The forms of torture were varied, but two obtained pre-eminence—the rack and the pulley. The rack was a hollow machine of wood, with no bottom, but a bar against which the body lay, while the limbs were fastened by tight cords that often cut through the flesh to the bone, and on the mouth a cloth was placed on which water slowly descended, causing a most irritating sensation, and a struggle for breath that often broke blood vessels in the lungs. In the pulley, the victim had heavy weights attached to his feet, his arms were bound behind, he was hoisted by a rope to the roof, then by the slacking of the rope allowed to drop with a jerk so violent that sometimes every joint was wrenched from its socket. If the first application of the instruments of torture was inaffectual the victim was flung back into his horrible cell to digest his agony as he might, and called out perhaps next day to undergo a repetition of the process. Sometimes it would be repeated day after day for many days in succession; and sometimes years upon years would be spent in captivity with an occasional touch of torture to break the monotony of the confinement.

ÆOLIAN HARPS.

They Can Be Made by Almost Any-One.

Have any of our young friends ever seen an Æolian harp? It is a musical instrument made by the Greeks many centuries ago, and hung among the trees or where the wind could blow upon it, making a low, soft, musical sound. To make one is very easily done and inexpensive, for most of the material can be found about the house. Wax a piece of buttonhole twist about two and a half feet long; tie each string strongly to a small peg and thrust the pegs down the crevice between the two sashes of your southern or western window, stretching the silk as tightly as possible. It will surprise you, the sweetness and variety of the tones the wind will bring from it.

Having done this, you may be moved to go further and prepare a more elaborate Æolian harp. Take some quarter-inch wood and make a box the length of your window frame, four or five inches wide. Bore a few small holes in a circle near what will be the upper side of the back of the box, fasten two bridges like violin bridges, one at each end, and stretch on them several strings of fine catgut, contriving a series of screw pins to aid in the tight stretching necessary, and allow of their being tuned to one note. Then raise your sash on the windy side of the house, and the wind passing through the hole and over the strings will, in its rising and falling, make very sweet music.

Religion in the Schools.

Although they're neither knaves nor fools
Nor, as some say, sons of Perdition
Who to religion in the schools
Evince a bitter opposition,
Perhaps they'll think when passion cools
Religious text-books we should purchase
And have religion in the schools—
We have so little in the churches.
—Boston Courier.

Odious Comparisons.

The size of the great western lakes is seldom appreciated by people who have not traveled for days out of sight of land on these vast fresh-water seas. A boastful westerner once asked a Boston friend with whom he was cruising along the Atlantic coast, which he supposed to be larger, Massachusetts or Lake Superior.

"Massachusetts, certainly."

"No, you could put all of the six New England states into the lake, dotting them around as islands, and yet never guess that they were more than points of land while cruising over Superior."

"It is quite possible that I should not see them at all then," was the quick reply of the Boston man; "I am a little dull, and never see a point."—Youth's Com.

One legged Dorsey.—Say, you chump, w'y don't ye put dat "I am Blind" sign on the front of yez instead of your back? Conscientious Biggs:—'Cos de front o' me sain't blind. I don't want to git run in fer no false pretences.—Terre Haute Express.

COURT IN THE COUNTRY.

A Rural Magistrate Elaborately Defines a Reasonable Doubt.

How a Country Justice Got Out of a Bad Fix—While the Picture May Be Somewhat Overdrawn It Points Out an Existing Evil.

The rulings of those peculiar institutions for the enforcement of the law, known as country magistrates, says the Cincinnati Times, are celebrated the world over as second only to the finding of the average jury for originality of flavor, texture and color. He always has a quantity of justice on tap, and the litigant can have it in either large or small packages, and can have it delivered right at the door and pay at his convenience.

One of the best incidents that illustrates some peculiar characteristics of the magistrate in the country is that of the preliminary proceedings held in a case of a man who was arrested. The evidence showed the prisoner was apprehended while attempting to enter a house in the night time presumably with burglarious intent. The idea of binding him to the grand jury under a charge of attempted burglarly did not enter the magisterial mind and he was stumped. The offender had been captured before he had taken anything and larceny was out of the question. He had not even completely entered the house for he had but one arm and one leg inside the window when captured. However, the squire got out of the fix in a way that would reflect credit on a judge of long experience. He said in delivering his opinion:

"In my long experience as a very humble twig of the great forest of the legal fraternity I have never had a case that involves so many abstruse propositions (physical and architectural) and so many apparently adverse rulings by courts in totally different cases that I freely confess I can hardly turn either way without going in over shoe tops into the soup. (Pardon the expression. I know it has no strictly material relevancy, so the court of his own volition will rule it out.) The prisoner may be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, and again he may not. In defining a reasonable doubt I do not take it that the law requires a doubt so stuffed with reason that it can't walk (so to speak) and has abdominal pains and seems surfeited with sense. Neither do I think it a doubt that wouldn't know reason if the latter came down the street in winter time wearing a duster and straw hat and carrying a tin valise. Not at all. The court, in defining a reasonable doubt, will say that the correct definition is a doubt that reason had smashed, run over, kicked and dragged about in the mud until the friends of either can not tell them apart and by unanimous consent of all parties it is considered a draw. Applying this rule to the prisoner, I'll be hanged if I know what to do. I think he is guilty but the question is not what I, a man who is prejudiced by the facts, think, but what is the opinion of the law made by men who never heard of the case. The law is like one size of a ready-made suit of clothes for people of various sizes. It may be loose in the seat (so to speak) or too galling in other places but the wearers must accommodate themselves to the clothes and not the clothes to the wearers. Not finding relief in any home authorities, I turn with considerable relief to the last ruling of the Supreme court of our sister country of Mexico during the reign of Santa Anna (Iztaccihuatl vs. Popocatepetl, p. 19 M. R. 220). The case I need hardly recite at this time, for the time of this court is pressing, and dinner is almost ready. I think this man should be but partially held, for the right arm and leg may not have known what his left arm and leg was doing. Hence it is the judgment of the court that his left arm and leg be bound over to the grand jury, and he can take his right arm and leg with him or leave them just as he chooses. The constable and the victim will each pay half the costs."

Origin of the Potato.

The potato is one of the most important of cultivated plants, and in universal cultivation in temperate parts of the globe. It is a native of mountain districts of tropical and subtropical America, probably from Chili to Mexico, but there is some question as to where it is really indigenous. Humbolt doubted if it had ever been found truly wild, but subsequent travelers of high scientific reputation express themselves thoroughly satisfied. Maize and potatoes are the two greatest gifts which America has given to the rest of the world.

The potato has been cultivated in America and its tubers used for food from times long anterior to the discovery of America by Europeans. It seems to have been first brought to Europe by the Spaniards from the neighborhood of Quito in the sixth century. No more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the introduction of potato culture into Great Britain and other European countries. It was long called "Batatas," or sweet potato, which is the tuber or plant meant by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century. It appears to have been brought to "Ireland from Virginia, by Hawkins in 1565," "and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1623."—American Rural Home.

A Year's Drought.

An impressive lesson for the United States comes from South Africa, where no rain has fallen for a year, and there is much suffering from want of water. Professor Seely, the Americau geologist, who has just made a tour of the country, says the same cause that ruined Egypt, Mesopotamia and India, once the most fertile countries in the world, is at work in South Africa. It is the destruction of the timber, and the same cause that turned those countries into deserts is producing the same effect in South Africa. It is at work in the United States, and we shall see destructive effects from it before many years.

God's foreseeing doth not include or connotate pre-determining, any more than I decree with my intellect.—Hammond.